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1821.

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No. 27.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY LOUISE SCHLEPKERN.

The Light of Home I see a boy
With dark eyes full of glee,
How fair the earth before him lies,
His bounding step, how free!
A father's joy and pride,
In coming years his manly arm
Will sweep the steeps and gullies,
Now the sun sleeps on his youth
And glowing day dreams come,
A fearless, laughing-loving boy—
There is the Light of Home.

A angel, timid, blue-eyed girl,
Brings sunshine to some drooping heart,
And gladness to her own;
With stock devotion she fulfills
A mother's love, and wears the sound
And life above each night and morn
A sister's earnest prayer;
Content in bringing joy to all,
With a smile that can't be told,
Ah, happy maiden I where thou art,
There is the Light of Home.

Two baby arms around my neck
An crimson and embrown,
A velvet cloud and rosy mouth
Laid gently on my face,
Ah, mother, how I love the sound
I lay my head close by
Falling upon a loving seat,
The baby loves how sweet;
While smiling came the bell by Hope
I lay my head close by
Where Love and Peace in union dwell,
The Light of Home is there.



ROSE DISCOVERS ANGUS NORTON IN THE FOREST.

SEVEN GRAVES;

66.

THE HEIRS OF DUNLEATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MOTHER KERLE KENNETH.

PART I.

CHAPTER IX.

DISASTER.

Black Norton advanced, and would have taken Rose's hand, but she clutched him.

"Afraid of me? Why, I am a favorite with fair-haired women, or they are favorites of mine. See, here is gold as yellow as your curia. I will give you a whole hand for a kiss."

Rose dashed down the heavy pitcher and fled like a fawn. Black Norton's smirking laugh pursued her.

The terrified girl fled breathlessly back to the cottage. Fortunately her father had fallen asleep, and did not demand the water. Neither did her violent entrance waken him.

With a fluttering heart Rose bolted and barred the door, and then running up to the little lattice window above the porch, looked towards the wood. As soon as she was satisfied that she was not pursued, she unclasped her hands, and she burst into tears of relief.

But she had been sadly frightened, and now she dreaded to go over again to the spring.

Tears were not natural to Rose. She was singing again before nightfall.

Just as shadows there came a knock at the door. She opened it, and there stood little Seth Var. of Dunleath. He reached out to her a tiny bunch of exquisite blue blossoms.

"Where did you get these, Seth?"

"They were sent. They're forget-me-nots. Mr. Angus Norton had me bring 'em to you."

"Stay a moment, Seth!"

"No, I dare not. It's getting dark in the wood!" and without another word the boy ran off, leaving Rose longing to ask who Mr. Angus Norton was, where Seth had seen him, and a hundred other questions, for now she had not yet discovered that the girl he was fond of was the last descendant of the family hated by all her kith and kin. If she had she would yet have kissed the flowers, blue as Angus's eyes, and laid them in her bosom.

Rose need not have feared. Black Norton came not that way again. He was busy in other directions.

But Rose had another visitor. Old David Pycott, lying on his bed in the inner room, heard the sound of two voices talking without—heard a man's low laugh, and a man's footstep.

"Who have ye had here, Rose?" he would ask when she came in to him.

"A visitor," would be her unsatisfactory reply.

"Mind, I'll have no louts peering about ye," sneered the old man.

"He is no lout," replied Rose, curiously at which her father would grumble. "Wilful hussy!" and fall asleep.

He had been a harsh parent, and his violence and injustice had taught Rose to fear him. She was of rebellious when she was a child. She was a mild-mannered now, and she rejoiced to discover. Yet she was faithful and patient with his fits of ill-humor, and never for a moment neglected his comfort. She meant to do right, and she did not think she needed to be scolded.

But scolding would not have conquered her now. She was too sure of her own heart.

"Though father an' mother an' all should go mad, whilst, an' I come to ye, my lad!"

was Rose's song. With all the strong affection of her nature she loved Angus.

He came daily to the cottage, and he was the same brain she made wreaths of roses

and cardinal flowers, laughed at her companion's merry jests, and listened to the stories he told of London, the Alps, and Paris. He was so wise, so beautiful! What wonder that she worshipped him in her heart of hearts!

One night they had appointed to meet as usual at the spring. The day had been sunny and sultry, and just at sundown a sudden storm and whirlwind came up. Thunder rolled, lightning flashed, and a shower of rain fell.

Rose watched from the lattice window in dismay. The wood behind the house roared in the wind. The tall beech like shot upon the gable roof, and threatened to break the diamond pane. Then she rose and wandered restlessly about the little house. Her father scolded as if the storm were all her fault.

Rose did not care for that. Disappointment and a sharp anxiety made her insensitive to everything else. Angus must have started for the rendezvous, and the storm would overtake him in the wood.

Every moment the tumult increased. She heard, with an aching heart, the trees of the wood go down with a crash. At each repetition of the sound she wrung her hands.

At length, as she sat in darkness, lighted only by the lightning's play, she became aware that the tempest was lessening. She lifted her hands from her head, and passed over the dark pane. The thunder remained a distant roar, the rain and hail had ceased. Unable to longer bear the apprehension which oppressed her, she rose, threw a cloak around her, lighted a lantern, and ran out of the cottage.

She plunged into the dripping wood, passed the spring, and hurried along the slippery path. The trees still stirred restlessly, but there was no other sound. Now and then a vine, torn from its place, would dash in her face, covering her with rain drops, but nothing detained her in her eagerness. From the path she found the path blocked by the fallen trees. Her heart-beats grew thick and fast. A sob broke from her bosom as she held up her lantern and viewed their enormous trunks—which had crushed all before them in their fall.

"Angus! Angus!" she called, in agony. A bird started from the wet bushes with a sharp cry.

"Angus! Angus!"

There was no response. A sigh went through the waving branches of the oaks—suddenly Rose heard low moans. She followed the sound. Falling on her knees among the drenched brown leaves, she put her groping hand upon Angus Norton's almost pulseless breast. With an inarticulate cry, she bent closer, peering into his white face. Her heart seemed stifling him. But he was moaning, breathing. She put her burning cheek to his.

"Darling—darling," she murmured.

His blue eyes opened. By the lantern's light he looked vaguely into her face for a moment, then seemed to know her.

"Rose, I have got hurt, somehow. You know, I think a tree struck me."

She could not speak for weeping.

"Don't cry, my pet," he said. "My shoulder is broken, and I am afraid I can't get up again—but that is all. Can you run to the village and bring a couple of men, with a litter of some kind, to take me home?"

She stayed but for an instant to shower burning tears upon his brow, and lips, and golden hair—then sprang to her feet, and was away through the dark and dangerous wood for help.

A long and weary hour passed before her return; but at length help arrived—and Angus Norton was borne to Dunleath.

JUDGE GRANDON CROWNINGSHIELD.

The Crowningshield carriage glittered along the highway. Theodora, wrapped in an ermine cloak, sat among the purple cushions, the autumn sunlight on her marble-pure face, striking a glint of gold from her dark hair, and glowing among the wine-colored velvet of her surroundings. The Black Hawk horseman clattered their silver bits, and trotted slowly on the causeway to the station—the train having due in half an hour.

Miss Crowningshield anticipated her father's return from the city. He had been absent a fortnight. Theodora was very fond of her father—so only daughters are apt to be. Since her mother's death, she had been, in a great measure, his companion, and this had intensified the love between them.

Cato drew rein a short distance from the station building, in the shade of an ancestral oak, which had shaded many a weary wayfarer. Its cooling shade dropped over the highway. Theodora, wrapped in an ermine cloak, sat among the purple cushions, the autumn sunlight on her marble-pure face, striking a glint of gold from her dark hair, and glowing among the wine-colored velvet of her surroundings. The Black Hawk horseman clattered their silver bits, and trotted slowly on the causeway to the station—the train having due in half an hour.

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60¢ A gem from the last opera was executed by Miss Angelina Exeratissimo.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 3, 1872.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have still on hand back numbers to the first of the year, containing the early chapters of "The Swamp Outlaws," &c.

A CURE FOR CANCER.

I wish to tell you how I cured my cancer last summer, without pain or money. Eight years ago a cancer came on my nose. It grew slowly for several years, but the last year it increased rapidly in size, and became frightful. It had become so large that I cut out my left eye. I had paid hundreds of dollars, and had tried doctors far and near without finding relief. Last summer I drank Wild Tea, putting the tea grounds on my cancer every night as a poultice. In six weeks my cancer was cured. I am now 62 years old. I have given this remedy to several that had cancer, and know two that have been cured since. I believe Wild Tea grows over the country generally, always on high land.

Truly yours,
CHARLES YARDLEY,
Saturday Evening Post, Pittsburgh, Pa.

OLIVE LOGAN.

She is not a free-lover.

Olive Logan, in a letter to the editor of the New York *Evening Post*, says:

"So many journals have copied your statement that both my husband and myself stand in the front line of the ultra-progressive of the age in regard to marriage, and the religious ceremony of Tuesday they regarded as a concession to the prejudices of the unenlightened majority." That I will ask you to please print my denial. Understanding the statement to imply that an ultra-progressive in this matter is one who holds the marriage bond lightly, and who would break it easily, I deny that we are either of us such; and an enlightened community which joined us a "conservative" in nobody; it was a free-soul offering to, and confidence in each other, and a genuine protest against a growing sense of opinion against the Christian institution of wedlock.

I was dressed, when I attended the Women's Convention at Steinway Hall, in the spring of 1869, (the only one I ever attended,) that the judicious witnesses of that respectable body would have had up to such notorious doctress as are now put forth by some advocates of women's enfranchisement. In the short speech I made on that occasion, I conjured my hearers to believe that we ought to wage no war of extermination on the male household gods; and I have "proposed" not one but in this manner also. I will think a happy home the best thing

there is on this earth, and I still believe that the old-fashioned marriage is the basis of it. As for my husband, though he has long been known as a patient investigator into the wrongs and sufferings of the lonely, and as an earnest pleading for charity toward the poor working girls of New York, he has never come, with pen or tongue, advanced suffrage for women; so that even by indication he cannot be included in the stigma which the omission of that cause would attach to all its advocates.

Nor is it any sign of "progressiveness" in me, that while I am Mrs. Wirt Bixen in private life, I am still professionally,

Yours truly,

OLIVE LOGAN.
"ON THE WING," Dec. 20, 1871.

NILSSON'S ADMIRER.

Mrs. Nilsson has had trouble with a most dexter lover, and the consequence has been his arraignment. The New York *Evening Post* says: "Justice Scotti was yesterday called upon to adjudicate in a singular case, the memory of which will remain with him as long as he lives. The complainant is some one other than Christi Nilsson, the renowned soprano, and the defendant one Charles Theodore Busch, a German musician of three score, whose heart had been pierced with Cupid's shafts until his aged head had turned. Mrs. Nilsson's complaint against the amorous lover was preferred in a low sweet tone that thrilled the blushing Justice, and filled the Equity Court-room with music.

"He annoys me much, your Honor," said the silver-voiced queen of song. "He follows me everywhere. If I enter a door he is with me. He evidently believes that he loves me, and that I am the cause of his happiness. Please tell him to give up me."

"He says, your Honor," continued the fair complainant, blushing, "that I must marry him."

"You shall not be troubled by him again, Mademoiselle," said the Justice, with a smile. "Mr. Busch, I shall require you to give bonds in \$300 to keep the peace toward this lady for six months.

It is said that the ardent Busch not only

professed his love to Nilsson, but also to

the Queen of Sweden.

The famous alleged portrait of Beatrice Cenci, it may be mentioned, is by the best

of critics considered to be a fancy picture

painted by some unknown pupil of Guido

The distinguished artist was born in 1575,

at Bologna, and it is said did not visit Rome

until after the execution of Beatrice, so that

the romantic story about her sketching her

features while she was on the way to the

scaffold is untrue. Guido also painted in

two distinct styles, and the picture is in his

later manner, which was not adopted until

some time after the death of Beatrice.

BEATRICE CENCI.

The history of this beautiful but unfortunate woman, who was executed at Rome, on September 11th, 1595, for the murder of her father, has again attracted attention in consequence of a criticism by Wm. Story, on the picture of this famous character, attributed to Guido Reni. Mr. Story says that, in the account of Beatrice, to be found in the archives of the Cenac palace, there is no mention made of a portrait by Guido. In the manuscript family annals, Beatrice is described as being small and of a fair complexion, with a round, smiling face, dimples in her cheeks, and extremely long, curling golden hair. Her eyes were of a deep blue, pleasing and full of fire. The portrait does not correspond with this description, as the eyes are hazel, the hair is thin and curling and long, and the face has thin and haggard features without a smile.

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MOTHERHOOD.

Col. Higginson says that so sacred a thing does motherhood seem to me, so paramount and absorbing the duty of a mother to her child, that in a true state of society I think she should be utterly free from all other duties, even, if possible, from the ordinary cares of housekeeping. If she has spare health and strength to do these other things as pleasures, very well; but she should be relieved from them as duties. And as to self-support, I can hardly conceive of an instance where it can be to the mother of young children anything but a calamity. As we all know, this calamity often occurs: I have seen it among the factory operatives at the North, and among the negro women in the cotton-fields at the South; in both cases it is a tragedy, and the bodies and brains of mother and children alike suffer. That the mother should bear and tend and nurture, while the father supports and protects, this is the true division.

A PARISIAN ANECDOTE.

A lady writing from Paris says: "The other evening, in a very elegant, very *élégante* American saloon, music was going on; it is always with music a source of merriment. Among the list of entertainments was a *can-can*, and of a recent decoration, gaily worn in our last campaign.

Listen to the legend, to the legend border-

line of the legend border—

Listen to the legend border—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I told you so before,—I swear it now." And he, leaving the woman alone with the sleeping boy, went home through the deserted streets to his young wife.

During the next few months Laurence Green shrewdly struggled against himself. He had married Josephine Maywin with a full determination to make her happy, if possible, and this resolution he kept steadily in view. Not a word of a look he did give her that was not kind and gentle, and she was apparently entirely happy. He had married her without reflecting towards her the love sentiment of love, but, as the days went by, he found himself slowly but surely "falling in love" with his wife. She was as gentle as child-like, and, above all, so very kind of him, that he began to feel that life might be happy for them both, and that, although the genuine love which he had once felt was gone forever, there was a deeper, purer, more enduring affection springing up in his heart.

He did not realize this fully until, in the sandy summer months, his wife, slight and fragile always, began to grow weaker and more delicate; but when he saw how thin and wan her face grew daily, how large her eyes looked with the black shadows beneath them, and how weary and listless she seemed all the time, he began to understand how dear she had grown to him, and how utterly worthless and empty his life would be without her.

The days went by, and Josephine was no longer able to walk or even to sit up, she was always beside her, anticipating her every wish and trying, in every possible way, to make her comfortable, and she, tying the broken lily among her pillows, tried to be brave and hopeful for his sake.

Laurence Greenshaw was not an imaginative man, by any means, but sometimes he fancied that there was a new expression in his wife's eyes as she watched him about the room—a questioning, appealing look which followed him everywhere; night and day it haunted him, but he held his peace.

Of Alice Dunbar, the woman whom he had met in the street on that stormy night, he saw and heard no more; her threat of "war" seemed to have meant nothing, and although he sent money from time to time to the child, no message ever came back, and so he thought of her no more. Josephine was his only care, and his only aim was to make the weary days more endurable to her.

"When you are all again, darling," he said to her when evening as sat beside her, holding her thin hands in his. "When you are all again, we will be very happy, you and I—the little one."

And she answered with a faint smile: "Yes, Laurence, dear; you and I—and the little one." But her husband's heart sank as he saw how very weak and ill she was.

Before midnight there was a sudden commotion in the great house—servants hurried to and fro with pale, scared faces, and all was confusion and terror, for Laurence Greenshaw's wife was lying white and still in her chamber, unconscious of all around her. "Dying!" they whispered; but as she was drifting out on the tide of eternity, her child's cry brought her back, and she lived, while the little life that was but just begun went in her place.

As the days went by health came slowly back to Josephine, and although it was a weary time that she was confined to her chamber, there came, at last, a day when she, though still pale and weak, took her old place in the house; and then Laurence Greenshaw thanked God with his whole heart for his mercy and goodness.

"If she had died," he would think with a shudder, as he heard her sweet voice chirping to her birds, or saw her pale face watching for him at the window, and then only he began to realize what a blessing she had been to him. Under her gentle influence all the good qualities of his nature had been called forth; for sake he had kept watch over his impulsive temper until it was entirely subdued, and he knew, in his innocent heart, that it was through his wife that just began to be called to life.

"Josie, Josie, darling," he would say time after time, "I never knew what happiness was until now—it is you who have saved me from being a total wretch."

And Josie, the childlike smile fading away, would look at him with a sudden gravity shading her face and the old questioning expression in her blue eyes, and answer always, "I love you, so."

That look haunted Laurence incessantly; a vague fear came to him that some rumor of his old vices and follies had been heard by her, and that she was growing to doubt him. His heart urged him to tell her all of his past life, and trust to her love for his forgiveness, but he shrank from it.

"She would never trust me, or believe in me again," he thought; "better let it go; and so he held his peace."

One day there came to him a solution of the mystery.

As the days grew cooler, Josephine did not rise to breakfast. She was still in delicate health; and although she began to go into society a little, all exertion was forbidden her, and she rarely came down stairs before lunch time, while Laurence, after partaking of his military meal, would go out for the "constitutional," which his wife had insisted upon since her recovery.

To him, sitting at the table one morning, entered Josephine's maid, bearing a little note written in his wife's delicate hand.

"Please return a little earlier than usual," it said. "I have a surprise for you."

Laurence wondered a little over the message, and paused a little as what the "surprise" might be, but not being of an inquisitive temperament, soon desisted from his vagrant proceedings, and went out for his daily walk.

When he returned his wife was waiting for him in her morning-room, and as she came forward to meet him, he thought he had never seen her look so lovely. Her white wrapper with its black ribbons, made her fair face seem still fairer. While the babyish rings of yellow hair (for the "chief glory of woman" had been sacrificed during her illness), clustering around her head, gave her a childlike look which was very charming.

There was a little embarrassment and confusion in her manner, which was unusual, and when Laurence saw this, and also noticed the troubled look in her face, he felt very anxious.

"What is it, Josie?" he asked.

She sat down beside him and laid her pretty head on his shoulder; there were tears in her blue eyes, and she spoke very gently.

"Laurence," she said, "you said once that we would be very happy—you and I, and the little one—did you not?"

He looked down on her with blank wonderment.

"Yes, darling."

"And we will be, Laurence."

She rose as she spoke, and went to the door. He heard a child's voice, the patter of little feet; and then Josephine came to him, leading a little rosy boy—his child.

"Laurence," she said, very softly, "he said to take the place of my dead baby."

Laurence Greenshaw rose and stood before her, his proud head bowed with shame.

"You know all, then?" he said, the old passion darkening his face. "Curse her!—she told you."

"Don't," said Josephine, pleadingly, "she is dead."

He turned away from her without a word—but she laid her hand on his own.

"Laurence," she said, simply, "I love you."

He looked down on her with a new hope in his face.

"You can't,—after this," he cried despairingly.

"She drew him down to her until she could look straight into his eyes.

"I have known it for months, my husband," she whispered, "and—oh, Laurence—I have pitied you so. I tried to make her last days comfortable; but she was hard and bitter to the last. Laurence, dear, let it go. I love you—and we will be very happy—you and I, and the little one."

LOVE'S MOONLIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Out in the moonlight with face uplifted,
Patient eyes drinking the light;
Silvery moonbeams the curtains have twisted,
Draped her form softly in white.

Sweet such a rest is, so content and true,
And the moonlight, we bathe in you.

Chained in the moonlight with face grief blighted,
Hungry eyes mocked by the light;

Presently, dark and silent, and soul unlighted,
Bathed in cold moonbeams on white.

Spending back heart-wist, we whispered, "The true
Only Love's moonlight keeps off frost and dew."

NO LOVE LOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MALCOLM ALSTYNE.

CHAPTER I.

Hugh Vandeware was seated on a cliff looking out over the sea. His face was not melanochromic, but still quite sober in its expression. There was nothing particularly the matter with him, yet he had a somewhat pensive subject of thought. I expect you will laugh when you hear what it was.

Well, Hugh was running over all the list of his lady acquaintances, the marriageable ones, and asking himself who of them all would suit him? which one could he love well enough to wed?

There was no异议 in that question.

He was not assuming that he could get any person that he wanted. It was only a primal question that he was settling; did he want anybody?

One looking over the whole list of his lady friends he decided that there wasn't one that he loved, or was likely to love.

Perhaps those very thoughts were strong proof that he wasn't in love. A man doesn't go about loving a woman in such a cool, deliberate fashion. Indeed it is entirely different. There is no calm consideration about it. Instead, a man wakes to the realization that something very strong in its power, very sweet in its existence, is within his bosom. It is there before he knows it. When he discovers it, he finds it to be the great influence of his life. And he does not have to go searching about for the woman that is the object of it. She stands out from all the world; she is queen of her sex; she is the one woman of all for the man that loves her. His heart will not let him mistake the position that she occupies in his life.

Certainly not. I simply made the comparison, Mellicent. Still you are at sword's points, my dear. You smile on each other, it is true, when you make your threats, yet it appears to me that you are in a fair way to meet each other cordially.

"It occurs to me, Ida," Mellicent said, "that you are letting your imagination carry you a little too far. Mr. Vandeware and I are very good friends, and likely to remain so, so far as I know."

"Yes, you are remarkably friendly," Miss Waterman asked.

"I am not aware that anything is," Mellicent answered carelessly.

"You act just like two people who had been in love, and had made the discovery that you were both mistaken after all and didn't care a fig for each other, and so part," Miss Waterman continued.

"I assure you that nothing of the kind has ever occurred between Mr. Vandeware and me," was the answer.

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started out after breakfast to stretch his limbs and get a whiff of fresh air, as he said. After following the road for a short distance he turned aside into the pines and under the leafy canopy of the wood made his way for about a mile. Here he stopped, near the edge of the wood, and looking hasty around him for a moment, gave a clear, shrill whistle that rang far through the trees.

After waiting a minute or two he repeated the signal. This time there came an answer, faint and far. He had not long to wait now, for in a short time a man was whispering through the wood.

It was the same yellowish-skinned, rapidly-dressed, savage-faced outlaw whom we have seen before in this locality.

"I thought you would be about here," said Du Bar, "and so signalled for you. Sit down here, I have some words for you."

"We will not give the details of their conference. It was not a long one. After a few moments Du Bar said to his host, saying,

"I will give five hundred, which will pay you well. The man is an easy one, and half the money would pay for all your risk and trouble."

"It wouldn't, Cap, an' that you know. It'll make be a tight squeeze. I reckon Barton am a little too high, for comfort. However, I'll try it on, so long as it's to 'commodate you."

"It will be no trouble at all. There will be nobody but the two women; and it is strange if you can't settle with them. But you must not try it without my signal. Be off Oak Grove, say at two o'clock this afternoon, and wait there till you hear from me."

"An' if you back down, Cap? We're not a-goin' to work for nothing. What's the figure of it's not done?"

"Half. And now keep shad; I must be back."

Leaving the outlaw, he made his way back through the woods, emerging at the point at which he had entered them, and in a minute more was at the house.

Miss Nellie and Miss Hally were famous equestriennes, and they decided to make the journey on horseback. Miss Judson, preferring the carriage, Solomon had already been chosen by Miss to escort Miss Price, and Du Bar made no protest of his services to escort Miss Judson. Mr. Howard, much against his own inclinations, was obliged to offer himself. Thus by a chance which was only partly chance, Du Bar became the companion of Miss Brown.

This arrangement was quite as distasteful to the lady as it was to Howard, but there was no remedy, the two unacknowledged lovers could only gracefully submit.

They rode rapidly through the wood, and past Bradley's tavern, the party keeping together, talking and laughing so fast as their swift motion would permit. Passing here they separated somewhat. An impromptu race between Solomon and his companion took them out of sight in the road ahead. Howard drove more rapidly, so as to overtake them. Du Bar, on the contrary, loitered, on pretence of gathering a nosegay of the various wild flowers that lit the hummocks by the roadside.

Some of the prettiest of these grew too low to be reached from the saddle, so that he had to dismount to half stoop and dismount. Nellie gave impulsion at these frequent delays, which were leaving them out of sight behind the rest of the party.

But Du Bar, though promising to do better, soon forgot himself in the charms of a new blossom, that by the time his nosegay was finished they were quite out of sight of their friends.

"Well, I declare, Miss Nellie," said he, with a laugh, "this is rather more than I bargained for. But who could resist the inviting looks of these roadside beauties? I, for one, placed guilty to a passion for flowers, and it is my theory that some of our most beautiful pets of nature are neglected simply because they are plentiful, and are one's property for the picking. Now you might go through some fine collections of exotic flowers and find nothing really more beautiful than are these modest wild blossoms. Do you not agree with me?" he continued, handing her the bouquet.

"Not entirely," she replied, clasping closely as some flowers. "Some of these are, no doubt, worthy of a more exalted station than this to which nature has assigned them, but others, though modestly pretty when examined, lack that evident charm which the world demands. Fashion in this, as in other things, is undeniably largely ruled by caprice, but underlying this caprice is usually some idea of the fitness of things, some instinctive outreaching for beauty and harmony of proportions, that render unto fashion the things which taste would choose for her own. You certainly have a talent for harmonizing colors, and your flowers look more prettily arranged than they did on their native heath."

"Thanks for your appreciation. As my poor nosegay has been so fortunate as to give you pleasure, I pray that you will accept its an humble earnest of the rare exotic with which I would delight to replace these wood blossoms."

"Oh no, sir," she replied, pressing it back into his hands. "I will not touch you of the treasure you have found. I am positively not in love with flowers—not to day, that is, and prefer that we should hasten after our friends, who will be at a loss to know what has become of us. We shall have them next on the search for us as two new babies in the wood."

"They know we are to good company; or, at least, that I am in good company. But, Miss Brown, you are surely not going to refuse my poor offering. The flowers loss half their charm in my hands. In yours their beauty is doubled."

"A gallant speech truly," she replied, laughing, and taking the flowers from his hand. "The unlovely foul of my face makes even the humblest blossoms beautiful from the sheer effect of contrast, and she held them before eyes that looked rounghly through them, yet her eyes—"

"That is not my view of the case," he coolly replied. "Beauty loses nothing by association."

"But the greater eclipses the less. And does not the saffron crimson of my lips and the ivory bloom of my nose put the poor red and white of these humble things to the blush?"

"You speak in jest, Miss Brown. I can only answer in earnest. Besides your lips the blush of the quenched rose must pale in contrast with your cheeks the liveliest lily must lose its charm, each overcome by a superior loveliness."

"I will keep your flowers—indeed I will. I will do anything if you will only promise not to punish me with any such severe and painful consequences as that."

"I meant no compliment. I am sorry that I did not choose more fitting words to express my feeling, but when we feel deeply, our thoughts are not to be conveyed in such forcible terms."

"Well, sir, you appear to be getting more torpid with every sentence. You will be floundering in a very drough of compliments next, if you do not soon descend to the solid level of common sense."

"I am sorry that I have rendered myself an impotency. I had so thought, Miss Brown, of being complimentary, no wish to offend your ear with the familiar commonplaces of flattery."

"Then you certainly meant nothing," said the interlocutor.

"You are right—I had no fixed meaning. We, no doubt, partly prompted by the habit of complimenting; but, in whatever I may say to you, I hope you will believe me when I assure you that I mean and feel more than my words express."

She looked at him in some amazement, at a loss to tell what he intended by language so utterly unsuited to the occasion, and which seemed uncalled for by anything that had passed between them.

"Excuse me for indulging a moment in plain speech," he continued, pressing his horse closer towards her. "I know that you are accusing me, in your mind, of indulging in rhodomantide, and of having broken the bonds of common sense, to indulge in what seems to you idle nonsense. But there is no logic in feeling. Believe me when I say, that it is my heart that is speaking, not my brain—and that whatever I may say sprang from a far deeper fountain than the cool springs of reason."

"If there is no logic in your thoughts, there seems to be considerable rhetoric, and of a kind that is very distasteful to me," she replied angrily, partially throwing down the flowers he had held out, and striking her horse sharply with the whip, so that he reared and started forward.

Du Bar's face grew black as night, as he rode on behind her. He drove his horses deeply into his horse's flanks until the animal rushed forward, maddened with the pain.

It was a fierce race they made along the solitary country road—but the strength and speed of the pursuer's horse soon decided the match, and after a few moments he rode up alongside of the flying lady. As he did so, he seized the bridle of her horse, and bearing strongly back on his own, soon brought them both to a more moderate pace.

She looked at him with anger sparkling in her eyes.

"How dare you, sir?" she cried.

"Pardon me," he calmly replied; "that horse would have run away with you in five minutes more. He is evidently not used to the whip. It may have been presumptuous in me; but I am better versed than you in the nature of the horse, and know that he seemed to give countenance to this idea, and a keener pang than he had felt for months shot through his soul at the thought. It was the first poisoned shaft of jealousy—that sharp and barbed arrow that burns deeper in the soul than could flaming arrows in the flesh."

Du Bar took the first opportunity to separate himself from the others, and walked through the grove and into the thick wood beyond. Coming upon the creek at a shallow reach, he crossed it upon stepping-stones that lifted their rounded heads above the water, and entered the thicket that lay on the other side.

He stopped and whistled in a peculiar strain. After a moment's pause, a similar whistle replied, seeming to come from a piece of swampy ground to the left.

He next gave vent to a cry, three times repeated, made in imitation of the cry of some animal, though it would have puzzled a hunter to know exactly what creature was intended. After a moment's pause a similar but better performed cry was returned, followed by a scream like that of the cat-bird.

Or, perhaps, from a desire to force on me more of the ridiculous nonsense from which I had to run away."

She had plainly been greatly vexed by his previous conversation. Her tones were sharp with anger.

"Is it possible you are misundertood me?" he replied, dolefully. "My own mind was so full of my meaning, that I did not properly consider that it might not be clear to you. Let me speak plainly, then."

"I do not wish to hear you speak plainly or otherwise, air—unless you choose some more agreeable subject. I am thoroughly sickened with the endless pathos of unmeaning praise to which we women have submitted—simply because men do not consider us worthy of plain sense, and so strive to please us with super-eccentric nonsense."

An indistinct sound of what he was groping toward filled her mind, and made her look toward the stork by the best means in her power. But he was not one to get easily shocked.

"There is nothing further from my thoughts," he impulsively exclaimed. "I praise you, not from idle fancy, but because my soul is overflowing with praise of you, like the water in a cistern, so that I can never be sure of how much is in it. Oh, Miss Brown—or may I call you by the nearer and dearer name of Nellie? I praise you because—I love you; because my whole being is instinct with affection for you. My dreams by night, my thoughts by day, are of you, only. I love you with the virgin affection of my heart; and only live in the hope that my affection may have awakened an instinctive response in yours. Nay, dear Nellie, that it is returned: make me but the merest sign that I may hope, and you will reward my soul with happiness beyond measure!"

He spoke so earnestly, and with such apparent force in his tones, that she had no doubt, worthy of a more exalted station than this to which nature has assigned them, but others, though modestly pretty when examined, lack that evident charm which the world demands. Fashion in this, as in other things, is undeniably largely ruled by caprice, but underlying this caprice is usually some idea of the fitness of things, some instinctive outreaching for beauty and harmony of proportions, that render unto fashion the things which taste would choose for her own. You certainly have a talent for harmonizing colors, and your flowers look more prettily arranged than they did on their native heath."

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"The noise of the papers which she had shown Du Bar, and was closely examining them, had begun to fear that he might make some effort to possess himself of them. She well knew that there was nothing of which he was not capable. How could she be sure that he had not already managed in some mysterious way to tamper with her treasures? Her examination resulted in finding the papers all right, but she decided that it was not safe to keep them in the house any longer, and that she would put them elsewhere for safe keeping.

As she sat thus cogitating, a curly black head lifted itself over the sill of her window, and two restless eyes looked in. Her back was turned so that she failed to see the mischievous face of Pete, as he hung to the sill, with his face pressed close to the pane.

He had made his way along the branches of a tree that bounded the corner of the house, and, seeing Miss Wilson within her room, had caught the sill, resting his feet on a projection of the wall below.

"It will not be safe to leave them here, that seems evident," she said aloud, as she slowly replaced the papers in the casket. "Those two particularly, if John Middleton could lay his hands on these it would be twenty thousand dollars out of mine, for he shall not have them for a farthing less."

She laid these last two papers in the box and closed the lid.

At this moment there was a slight noise below, and the cook called up the stairs:

"Miss Wilson!"

"What is it, Pete?" she replied, rising and going to the door.

"Dere's a pussion down yere wants ter see you."

"Very well. Show him into the parlor; I will be down." She looked back at the casket, but evidently considered that it would be safe till her return, and so went down stairs, leaving the door open.

She had hardly disappeared before Pete slightly raised the window, and cut his hand to the glass.

There was a slight bustle down stairs, a stifled scream, which suddenly subsided to silence. Then the heavy tread of the cook was heard, and her voice broke out in angry tones. The sound of rough voices followed, a momentary struggle was heard, then all sank again into silence. In the next moment a rough-looking character entered Miss Wilson's room. Pete, still at the window, saw him curiously peering about the apartment. He picked up the casket which sat on the table.

"By thunder! hyar it is now jest laid out ter my hand, and nothing to do but snatch it an' travel. A little black box, with paper in it; this is jest the thing. The Cap said as how nothin' else must be touched, and I reckon that ain't much about, so here goes."

Hiding in the casket, he climbed up on the coal, and darted round the house, he saw two men who had just emerged from the back door, and were hastily running through the garden towards the gable end of the house.

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She looked at him with anger sparkling in her eyes.

"How dare you, sir?" she cried.

"Pardon me," he calmly replied; "that horse would have run away with you in five minutes more. He is evidently not used to the whip. It may have been presumptuous in me; but I am better versed than you in the nature of the horse, and know that he seemed to give countenance to this idea, and a keener pang than he had felt for months shot through his soul at the thought. It was the first poisoned shaft of jealousy—that sharp and barbed arrow that burns deeper in the soul than could flaming arrows in the flesh."

Du Bar had reached the ground before the two listeners overtook them. Miss Wilson rallied them on their delay, declaring that they had kept behind purposely, and demanding a categorical explanation of all that had passed between them before she would grant them absolution for their delictive behaviour.

With the idea that his fine drawn rhetoric, his tones and gestures were the very form of innocence, and that they knew the hero himself they counterfeited, he could not have felt more mortified. He rode on a few paces in the rear, darkly determining to himself that she should yet be repaid for her scorn, though the whom and how lay in the dim shadow before his mind.

The next instant they all recognized Miss Wilson as the occupant of the carriage.

"Why, what can have happened?" said Nellie. "Some accident, surely. I never saw Aunt Wilson in such a state before. What is the matter?" she cried, as the carriage stopped, and her aunt leaped to the ground.

"To horse, gentlemen! immediately!" said Miss Wilson. "The house has been robbed. The burglars are making for the swamp. We may cut them off with sufficient speed."

"What have they taken? Let us know the particulars," asked Miss Price, pressing forward.

"It is not time now for particulars. Mount, gentlemen, I beseech you! They are some of the swamp outlaws. Quick! There is a lane here behind the house by which we may cut off their retreat."

"Wait here, ladies, till we return," said Howard. "Unless you prefer to drive home under Peter's escort. We must chase these fellows."

"And without delay," cried Miss Wilson. "The burglars are making for the swamp."

"Are any of you armed?" asked Solomon.

"I have a revolver," replied Howard. "I never go without it."

"Mount then—we are wasting time."

Solomon and Du Bar instantly leaped to their saddles.

"But I have no horse," said Howard.

"Take a seat here," said Miss Wilson, who had again entered her carriage.

A DRIVE WITH NO. 40.

WRITING FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Laura Leigh received a telegram to the effect that her aunt, Miss Amelia Greenway, was dying. But Laura was used to this sort of thing.



Two hours passed. Five o'clock came. The library door opened, and the doctor entered, holding a telegram.

"From Oldham. Your aunt wants me. I can't go, though; I have to deliver a lecture to-night, and I will not break my engagement just to gratify a whim of hers."

"How hard-hearted the doctor seemed!"

"She must be dying this time. Oh, dear, I can't wait for the train," cried Laura.

"I'll go at once. Please get me a cab, doctor."

"Certainly, my dear; but it's all nonsense. You'd better stay at home."

But Laura was resolute—and in five minutes she was in a cab, rattling over the cobble-stones.

The short winter day had faded into dusk. The cab moved with a remarkable degree of speed, but much too slowly for its impatient passenger.

It was necessary to pass the high wall of the Insane Asylum, which ran for some distance along the road that led to Oldham.

The asylum gate had been reached, when Laura heard a low groan, and the carriage began to move more slowly. She looked from a window. A dark figure—it seemed to be that of the driver—was being hurried from the box. It fell almost under the wheels. She saw that the whip was being used cruelly upon the horses—but she could not see who occupied the driver's seat. The horses dashed along at full speed; the old cab cracked as it was going to pieces.

What could this mean? Laura asked herself. Somebody was running away from her! She screamed; but what was the use of that, when the lonely road was bordered by long stretches of desolate fields? She thought of throwing herself from the carriage—but a glance at the swiftness with which the ground seemed to move beneath the wheels, deterred her from doing so.

At last she fell into exhaustion and almost fell with faint. She heard a voice urging on the horses. Horror chilled her blood as she listened. It was the harsh, peculiar voice of the Insane, No. 40!

And then she fainted.

Her senses came back slowly. She was no longer in the cab. The ceiling above, with the plaster peeling off, in many places first met her eyes. A yellow candle placed in a bottle, stood near her on the floor. She closed her eyes, and the remembrance of her late fearful ride came into her mind. She dreaded to open her eyes lest she might see him. Summoning all her courage she looked around. Her worst fear was realized. There he stood between her and the closed door. His face was gloomy; his eyes burned with a fierce glow, moving uneasily in their sockets.

The oppressive silence was broken by the calling of the jury by the clerk, and their answering. Colonel Harwood, the clerk, then said, "Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed upon your verdict?" There was a nod of assent by the jurors.

" Clerk—" Who shall answer for you?"

A juror answered—"Our foreman."

Mrs. Wharton was then directed to raise her right hand.

" Clerk—" Gentlemen of the jury, look upon the prisoner at the bar. Now say, is she guilty of the matter whereof she stands indicted, or not guilty?"

Franklin Deale—"Not guilty."

As the foreman answered there was a slight manifestation of applause, which was instantaneously checked by the court and the bailiffs. Every eye was fixed upon the prisoner, who still stood calm and apparently unmoved. But through the heavy blue veil, which was not displaced, tears were seen streaming down her pale, child-like face. Other eyes there were no signs of emotion. Miss Nellie wept, and was deeply affected when Mrs. Wharton left the prisoner's box. Mr. Steele, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Hagner, her counsel, each shook her hand with brief words of congratulation. Her friends present also took her hand, expressing gratification at the result of the trial.

It is understood that before agreeing the jury stood for acquittal and four were not fully determined on their verdict. It was first decided that they would agree, and not go in a hung jury. During the time they were out five ballots were taken, after which a verdict of not guilty was agreed to. Before adjourning it was understood between the court and counsel that the trial of Mrs. Wharton on the indictment for an attempt to poison Mr. Van Ness would come off at the regular term of the court in April.

Mr. Steele asked that the court fix the amount of bail for her appearance when due consideration to the circumstances.

The court agreed to strike the amount before it could dispossess a man bounded through the doorway, and with a sweeping hand freed the madman to the floor.

"Saved!" cried the clear, ringing voice of Arthur Lane. "Saved!"

The glad consciousness that this was no illusion soon brought back her self-possession. Heart and soul went up in thanksgiving.

"Poor man, he has suffered some great sorrow," she said, gazing down on the insensible madman.

"He may revive, and become unmanageable," said Arthur, taking a vial from his portable medicine-case, and applying it to the nostrils of the prostrate man. "That will keep him quiet until we reach the asylum."

"Perfectly. But I don't like Mr. Lane—" "Dr. Lane, now," corrected her companion.

The doctor eyed her attentively, and smiled a little.

"I thought he was a friend of yours. He tells me he has known you from childhood. He's a fine young fellow."

"I do not doubt it; but I notice nothing remarkable about him, and Pearl absolutely hates him. I am fearful that she'll bark her lungs away sometimes when he calls."

"That's a strange question," returned Laura, "what do I think of Mr. Lane? Why, I never have thought of the gentleman at all."

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WIT AND HUMOR.

GROWING OF A STONE.

In a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Jemmyman:

"Did you see the defendant throw the stone?"

"I saw a stone, and it's pretty sure the defendant threw it."

"Was it a large stone?"

"I should say it was a large stone."

"What was its size?"

"I should say a cricket stone."

"Can't you answer definitely how big it was?"

"I should say it was a stone of some bigness."

"Can you give the jury some idea of the stone?"

"Why, as near as I can recollect, it was something of a stone."

"Can't you compare it to some other object?"

"Why, if I were to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it was as large as a lump of chalk."

"But the distance—how long was it?"

"Well, I should say about the length of a piece of string."

ST. FRANCIS.

A Confessor, preaching on the merits of St. Francis, baited him in his discourse, above all the other saints, with the following:—

"Shall we place the merciful father, St. Francis? he is greater than all other saints."

"Shall we place him among the prophets? oh! he is greater than the prophets."

"Shall we place him with the patriarchs? oh! he is greater than the patriarchs."

In like manner he exalted him above the angels, archangels, cherubim, seraphim, virtues, thrones, dominions and powers; and still he exclaimed:

"Where shall we place him? where shall we place this holy saint?"

A sailor in the church, tired with the discourse, stood up and said: "If you really don't know where to place him, you may put him in my seat, for I am going."

A LOVER'S REPROACH.

Here's a true tale of love; all about a beautiful and abandoned wife. She married a wretched man who loved her money but not her. When he got the money he loved somebody else, and departed for the "rolling prairies of the West." His earthly possessions were burnt up in the Chicago fire, and then he came back to New York and put up at the Astor House, without a cent in his pocket. Remorse seized him (it must have been remorse), and ascertaining the address of his lawful partner, he thus wrote to her:

"I am here penniless. Forgive the past, and come to my arms again."

This is what she wrote back:

"I'll come as soon as I can. Excuse delay. I've gone to have a loaded hand put on the case you left."

He didn't wait. Remorse seized him again and carried him off.

A KNOWING INSECT.

A correspondent of a New York paper relates a touching instance of insect instinct, as follows: "I found a cockroach struggling in a bowl of water. I took half a peanut shell for a boat. I put him into it and gave him two wooden toothpicks for oars, and left him. The next morning I visited him, and he had put a piece of white cotton thread on one of the toothpicks, and set the toothpick on one end as a signal of distress. He had a hair on the other toothpick, and there that cockroach sat fishing. The cockroach, evidently, had fallen asleep. The sight caused me to laugh. I never had to chew leather to sleep. I gave him a spoonful of grael and left. That animal never forgot that act of kindness, and now my house is shock full of cockroaches."

WHY SHE LOVED HIM.—A sentimental young lady lost a curly pony, on which she set great value. Not long after the pony had departed this temporary life, Fridolina was soon to complete with great interest the consciousness of a whiskered and bearded young man. "Fridolina, my dear," said her maiden aunt, a very proper old lady, "don't look so sad, young Frizzy; I'll think you are in love with him." "I can't help it, Aunt Sophia," replied Fridolina, with tears in her lovely eyes, "his expression is so like Moppet's."

A New York mercantile house held an unsettled claim of long standing against a lame duck "out West," and hearing he was becoming "well to do," sent their claim on to a Western lawyer to collect. In due time they received a reply which effectually extinguished any hope they had entertained of recovering their money. It ran thus wise: "Gents:—You will never get any spondulies from Bill Johnson. The undersigned called upon him yesterday, and found him with a nail in his foot upon the naked earth, and not clothes enough upon him to cover a gun."

A MARRIAGE CONTRACT.—Marriage ceremony as too often performed.

Clergyman (to lady):—"Will thou take this noble-mansion—earrings—jewels—off—wheeling—battic—flounce—pillows—and all appurtenances for the goot to be thy wedded husband?"

"I will."

Clergyman (to gentleman):—"Will thou take this bale-of-oxen—n-Marsouine—chignons—beard—and high-heeled-shoes to be thy wedded wife?"

"I will."

On one of the recent cold nights a Nascha lady put her two boys in bed in a cold room, and sat down on the edge of the bed to hear these their prayers. Johnny got through and cuddled off to Willis, who had just commenced. Presently Willis began to burry the words out faster, so that he could dismiss them, and the prayer ended thus: "I pray the Lord my son to keep me—take your hand off me or I'll warn your ear for you." Johnny was trying to tickle him.

The following is acting in some Western Sunday-schools, to the tune of "Shoo Fly":

"Sister, don't hinder me—
Sister, don't hinder me,
For I belong to Company G."

"I love, I love, I love;
I love, I love, I love;
I love, I love, I love;
I love, I love, I love."

"Yankee, lady, yank! The moon is high, twinkling stars are beaming, while now and then, across the sky, a meteor is streakin'; Yankee, lady, yank, and look on me—sake, Yankee, lady, yank! If I'll have you, and you'll have me—(by gosh! who knew that water?)

A masonry has been set on foot to erect an engine for making young men. The only trouble, which the "masonry" face will be instrumental in, is that of getting the building large enough.

Leaves from a Petit Diary.

No. 11.
UP THE ALPS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN GARNET.

"Evidently at some past period this region was volcanic," said Rawdon, one morning, as we were passing from the camp to the mines, and at the same time inspecting a blindfold of smoke, which he had scooped up as he walked onward. "We may even now be picking away on the crest of a smoldering volcano."

Rawdon was by no means a counterpart of the general miner. He had been much of the world; had spent many years in travel, and was in this wild bit of country more for exciting adventure than with the idea of digging out a fortune. We had known but little about him, however, among the few arrivals from San Francisco, a few gentlemen fellow had been heartily engrossed in finding an old fellow traveller in our camp. After that Philip Larsson measured with us and found him we learned that Rawdon had travelled much and published two or three books, even hinting that his story in that vicinity might signify, in printer's parlance, "more copy."

In our evenings' conversations we found Rawdon capable of entertaining and instructing the best of us. Not pompously, but with infinite good nature and perfect ease he answered our every question, or if unable to give us decided information, he gracefully acknowledged it. And amidst our admiration of his superior good qualities, we found ourselves wondering why, unless Larsson had got at his motives, he should remain in a locality containing such an element of unorganized danger.

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